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Monte Hale

WESTERN

10¢ NO. 77 OCT.



BULLETS! WILD HORSES! FLYING PISTOLS!

DEATH RIGS THE RODEO!

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LAUGHS WITH

GABBY HAYES!



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

by Al Jettie Jr. President

MONTE HALE

in
**STAGECOACH
TRAIL**

YOU ASKED FOR IT,
PARSONS, COME ON,
BOYS, LET'S TEACH
THE WARMINT A
LESSON!

HOLD ON, PARSONS,
THERE'S GLADE
PARSONS NOW—
AND HERE IN A
MESS OF /
TROUBLE!

When ruthless Red Weston drove his broad-backed stage-coachmen over the Los Feliz ridge, it meant man between the railroaders and Glade Parsons' Concord stage line. Both Weston and Parsons were tough products of the frontier, where a man had to be made of rawhide to survive and steel to win. When two such men clashed, bullets were bound to fly. And that was just what greeted Monte Hale when he rode up into Junction City.

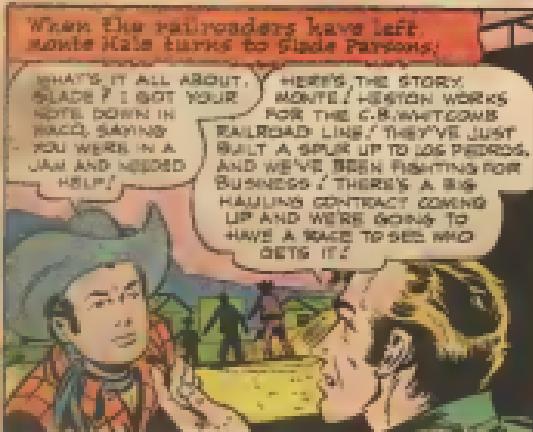
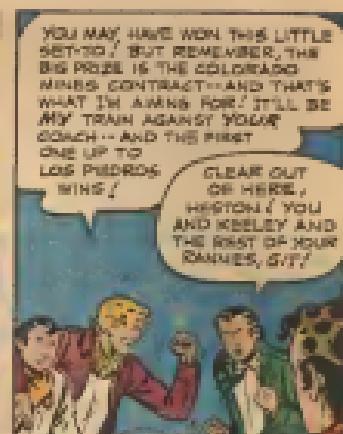
MIND IF
I WIN IN
THIS RACE,
GLADE?

MONTE,
HALE!
IT'LL BE
A PLEASUR
TO HAVE
YOU!

SO YOU ISNT
A RACERMAN,
PARSONS? WELL,
IT MIGHT HELP TEAM
THIS HAMMER WE
LURED TO DRIVING
STEAM—SO I DONT
SEEHOW IT'LL
HAVE MUCH
TROUBLE WITH
PEW!



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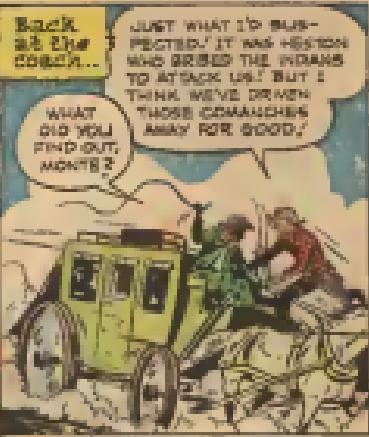
Slade Parsons' coach is a Concord - made by skilled craftsmen of the finest of woods. For decades, until the railroads came, it had been the king of the western highways. Now, as it hurtles along the trail leading out of Junction City ---

YOU'RE MAKING GOOD TIME, SLADE! HOW DOES HERTON'S ROUTE COMPARE TO YOURS?

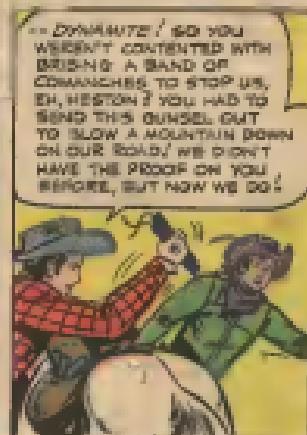
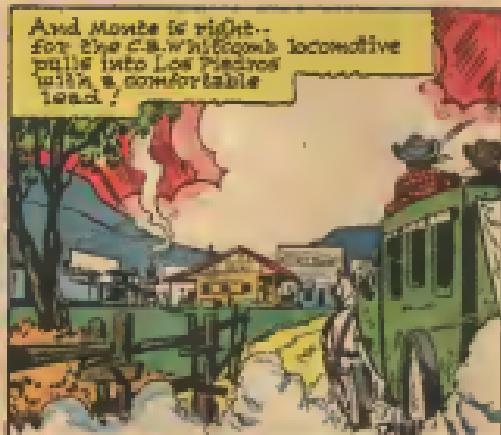
IT'S LONGER! I SO OFTEN SOME MOUNTAIN ROADS THAT THEY COULDN'T BUILD THE RAILROAD LINE ALONG! THAT'S WHY I THINK I'VE GOT A GOOD CHANCE!

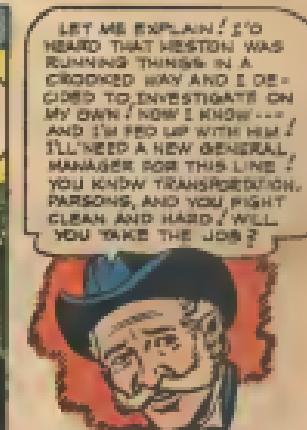
WE'RE UP IN THE FOOTHILLS, NOW! AND SO FAR... SO GOOD!











OLD SLICK



AND HOW! FIRST I GOT APPENDICITIS,
AND THAT WAS FOLLOWED BY PULMONARY
TUBERCULOSIS!



AND TO TOP IT ALL I GOT HYPER-
TENSION; ALL TOLD, I NEVER
KNEW HOW I
SURVIVED—



JEPPERS, I SHORE HAD A
TOUGH TIME WHEN I
WAS IN SCHOOL!

TUE DO,
OLD SLICK?



AFTER THAT I GOT PYRANHA
AND THEN
PREDATORIA!

GASP
!!!

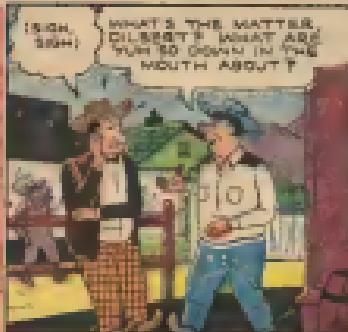
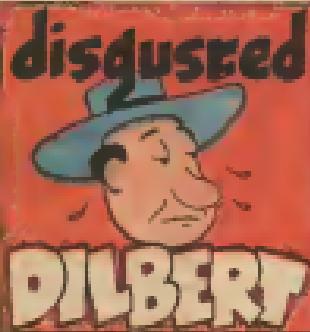


-- THAT WAS THE MOST DIFFICULT SPELLING
TEST I EVER HAD!

HA-HA!

CULPM





AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS AND GIRLS — THE POOL SEASON MAY BE COMING AROUND AGAIN SOON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS I AM, BE SURE AND FOLLOW THESE RULES...



DON'T
GET CHILLED!



DON'T
GET OVERTIRED!

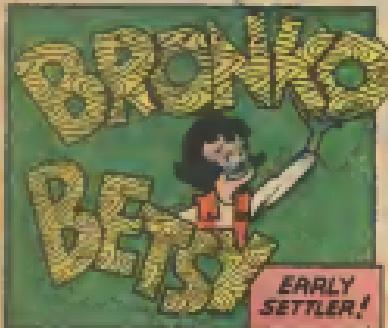


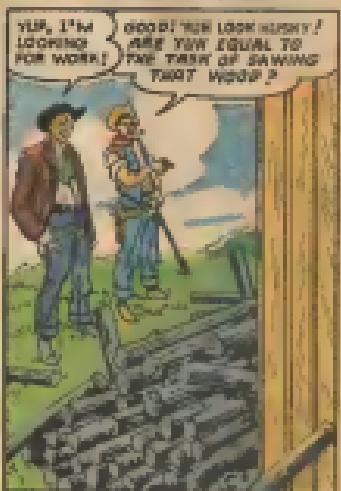
DON'T
MIX WITH
NEW GROUPS!

BUT
DO
KEEP CLEAN!



THESE POOL PRECAUTIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS!



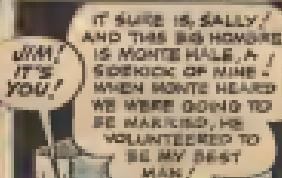


MONTE HALE

DEATH
RIGS THE
RODEO

Blackie Maccon had the odds all figured! His All-star rodeo was rigged so that no outsider could win the \$5000 Grand Prize! Only the rodeo's ace rider, Milo Lawson, could come out the champ bronc-buster! Neither Blackie nor Lawson cared what the cost was--just so it was in other men's lives! But there was one man who did care--the giant hero of the West, Monte Hale!

One day in Spear Valley, as two cowpokes known at a ranch house door--



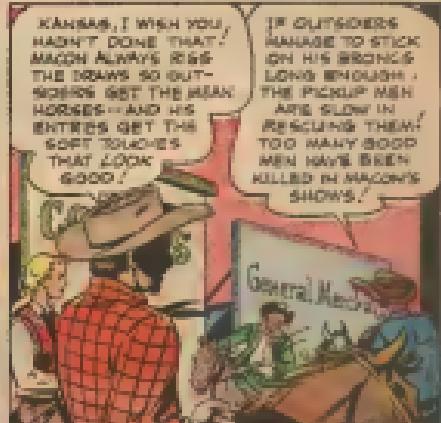
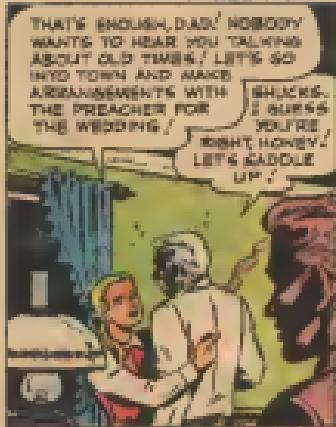
WELCOME TO OUR RANCH, MONTE.

THIS IS MY DAD, KANSAS BLOUNT.

SIR, I'VE HEARD YOUR NAME, SIR. I WEREN'T YOU AN ACE RODEO RIDER?

I SURE WAS, YOUNG FELLER! WORLD'S CHAMP BROWN-BUSTIN'! AND I REACHIN' I COULD STILL WIN MY SHARE OF EVENTS-- IF I HADN'T QUIT RODEO!







Then, with a huge crowd cheering each competitor, the rodeo began. First, the calf-roping.



Then the bulldogging--and then the bronc-busting. The first rider is Milt Lawson, Macdon's entry.

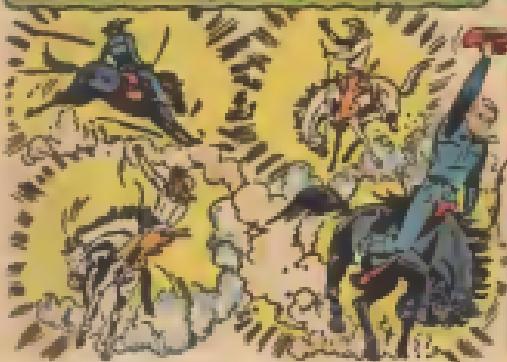




In a matter of seconds, old Kansan is carried from the arena and is in a doctor's hands. Tom, Monte and Jim turn to Blackie Mason.



The competition goes on -- this time Jim Shaw and Milo Lawson, travelling for top riding honors!



THREE
NIGHT...

DADDY'S IN THE HOSPITAL...
AND THEY SAY HELL RECOVER
EASILY. AND MEANWHILE,
YOU'RE DOING A WONDERFUL
JOB ON THOSE MEAN BRONCOS.
JIM, I'LL BE MIGHTY
HAPPY WHEN HE
HEARS YOU TOOK
HIS PLACE!

MAYBE SO, SALLY?
BUT I'M WAITING
FOR BLACKIE MAISON
TO PULL A TRICK ON
ME TO KEEP ME
FROM WAKING!



JIM'S RIGHT,
SALLY! IN FACT, I
AIM TO SHADOW
MAISON'S TENT TO-
NIGHT TO SEE IF I
CAN FIND OUT WHAT
HE'S UP TO!

And later, Milo and Jim
get together --

Milo, that blasted shaw is
going too good! I don't aim
to leave him gun off with the
Grand Prize! Suppose
you take this packet
of powder and slip
it into his coffee
tomorrow - before
the big event!

GOOD ENOUGH,
BLACKIE! IF
THIS POWDER
DOES THE
TRICK WE
WON'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!



Next morning, an overflow crowd
had gathered to witness
the exciting finale!

HOW IT'S
BETWEEN
JIM SHAW
AND MILE
LAWSON?
LET'S GET
GOING!



COME ON,
BLACKIE!
START THE
SHOW!

HOWDY, JIM! WELL, NO
HARD FEELINGS ABOUT
US FIGHTING IT OUT FOR
THE GRAND PRIZE, I
HOPE! HERE, HAVE A
CUP OF COFFEE!

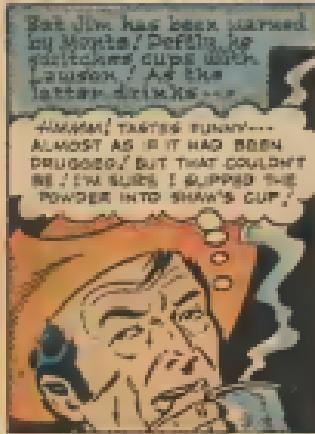
THANKS,
MILEO! I
RECKON
IT'LL TASTE
GOOD!



SO THAT'S IT!
THOSE VARMINTS
ARE PLANNING
TO DRUG JIM TO
PREVENT HIM FROM
WINNING THE LAST
BRONCO-BUSTING
EVENT! TO BETTER
WATCH JIM,
FRONTO! T



MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN



But Monte Hale vaults over the rail to even the odds?



NOT MUCH FIGHT IN YOU, COYOTES. WHEN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE GODS IN YOUR FAVOR, EH?

QUIT YOUR DALLIANCE, HALE! JIM SHAW WINS THE GRAND PRIZE AND WE'LL PAY KANSAS BLOUNT'S HOSPITAL EXPENSES! THAT OUGHT TO SQUARE IT!



NOT QUITE, MAON! YOUR CROOKED RODEO HAS CAUSED THE DEATH OF TOO MANY GOOD MEN! YOU'LL BE TRIED AS A COMANCHI MURDERER!



Later, at the hospital...

I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU THOUGH, KANVAS, I DON'T INTEND TO ENTER ANY MORE RODEOS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO, JIM! YOU'VE SHOWN DAD YOUR COURAGE! AND HOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A PREACHER!

WELL, BY DANG, YOU WON THE BRONCO-BUSTING CONTEST FOR ME, JIM! I'M TICKLED PINK! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL SON-IN-LAW!



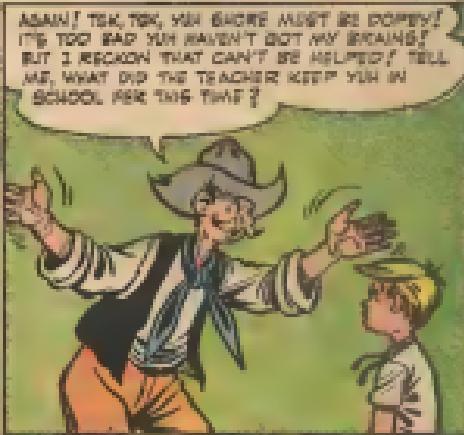
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SALLY! I'VE HAD THE TOWN MINISTER WAITING BACK HERE--AND HE'S PLUMS EASIER TO WITCH THE TWO OF YOU! READY, PARSON?

I SURE AM, MONTE! WHO'S NOT THE KING?



MULE EARS

"REMEMBER THIS!"





END OF A BADMAN

By Hank Spector

JUD KARNEY'S thoughts were as uneasy as the motion of the lurching stagecoach from which he looked out at the rugged Arizona landscape. This was a part of the country that was new to him. Perhaps here he would be able to make a fresh start. Any of his former acquaintances, seeing him now, would grin over the sober black suit, the white shirt and the string tie. But even a stranger could tell that the blue-eyed, young man was unaccustomed to his city finery, that his jacket was tight across the wide shoulders, that the high-heeled boots were those of a horseman, and that the bulge under each side of the respectable coat indicated a low slung six-gun.

The other passenger in the coach, a short, fat drummer, chattered on unheeded. Jud stiffened, as words suddenly bit into his consciousness. ". . . some bad bachelors drifting around these parts. This is a tough town we're coming to," Jud groaned inwardly. He had had enough of tough towns. Most of his life had been spent in the wild region along the border, where a man had to be unusually mean, or quick with his guns, in order to survive. And meanness had never been one of Jud Karney's main attributes.

The drummer turned toward him speculative eyes, and passed his round lips. "There's been talk of a new sheriff coming in," he continued. "Maybe you're him. You look as if you'd be sort of handy with a six-gun."

Jud stirred uneasily. "I don't like shooting," he said. "I don't like trouble." Which, in a way, was true. He did not like the kind of trouble that seemed to follow a gunman. To avoid it, he was running away from his own reputation. He came from a part of Texas where a man carried the law in his own forty-five. From the time he'd been old enough to pull on his boots, he had yearned to buckle on a gunbelt as well. Then, as he grew up, his skill with guns increased, year after year, and he began to achieve a sort of local fame. Suddenly, he came to the realization that he was known not just as Jud Karney, but as a gunman, and as such, a potential killer. He knew how such careers inevitably went. Badmen, in search of notoriety,

picked fights with you. And if you survived, you became a badman yourself.

The coach ground to a halt at the foot of a hill, and the passengers alighted. They tramped up the rocky roadway behind the coach, the drummer in the lead, puffing heavily. Suddenly Jud's arm streaked to his side, and there was the almost simultaneous sound of a snake's rattle and the crash of a gun. The drummer whirled around to see his coach companion holding a smoking revolver. A decapitated rattlesnake was writhing in the dust, practically at the little man's feet.

The drummer mopped cold sweat from his brow while he overwhelmed Jud with his thanks. But Jud was now even more withdrawn. He was sure that this little man would embroider the tale and tell it all over the town. Jud had intended to look for work, and if things were as raw here as the drummer had said they were, he knew what kind of work would gravitate toward him now. He had wanted to begin as a cow wrangler and then maybe move up to become a deputy, and perhaps eventually a sheriff, or even a government marshal. Then his skill with guns would be an honorable thing, upholding the law. But now, the new sheriff would probably be suspicious of him and order him to keep moving.

Jud liked the looks of the place, too, when they finally rolled into the town's main street. The board sidewalks were wide and clean and there was a look of respectable solidity about many of the stores and houses. After a washup and a meal, Jud lay on his bed in the cool, dim hotel room, looking up at the ceiling. Towards sundown he would go down and inquire about a job. Maybe he could attach to an outfit and move out of town before the drummer spread the story about his shooting.

Suddenly, his door was flung open with a crash. Jud sat up, regarding the man who stood belligerently in the doorway. He was dark, a few years older than Jud, shorter, and much heavier. His narrowed eyes flicked over the room, taking in Jud's gunbelt which hung over a chair.

"I didn't have myself invite you in," Jud

MONTE HALE WESTERN

said, "but since you're already in, have a seat."

"I'm not staying long," the man replied. "And neither are you."

Jud's face remained impulsive, but his muscles tensed. Here it was again. The local bullyboys, whatever their game, didn't want any formidable strangers around. But he had no wish to enter into their quarrels. "I like it here," he said pleasantly. "Maybe you misunderstand my motive for coming to this place."

The man strode into the room, took Jud's coat off the hook where it had been hung carefully, and threw it contemptuously onto Jud's face. "Take your rags and get going," he sneered.

Jud's temper flared into white heat. He had meant to explain things, or to leave peacefully if he had to. But now he flung the coat aside and came off the bed in a rush. The man's hand was suddenly holding a six-gun. Jud stepped back, and sat down again on the bed, breathing hard.

The man chuckled nastily. "Cooled off fast, didn't you?" he taunted. "Maybe this town won't be the way you expected to find it." His words suddenly lashed out. "I'm giving you until sundown to clear out. After that I'll be gunning for you!"

Jud looked at him steadily, his anger now coldly retained. "I don't know who you are and I don't care," he said. "But nobody runs me out of anywhere. I aim to spend this evening downstairs, in the barroom. I don't know why you choose to pick a fight with me, but if you want one, I'll give it to you!"

After the man had left, Jud lay back and watched the shadows move across the ceiling. It seemed like such a nice town. Too bad. After tonight's gunfight he wouldn't be able to get a job here. The new sheriff would probably make him leave. That is, if he survived.

Several hours later, Jud rose from his bed. He buckled on his gambler belt and went downstairs. People drew away from him as he walked up to the bar. He could feel in the air the electric tension that always preceded trouble.

He stood at the bar alone, toying with a glass of milk, glancing from time to time into the huge mirror that reflected the room behind him. A bush fell over the room as the swinging doors parted, revealing the swarthy gunfighter. The man was wearing his guns, tied down to his thighs. Jud was wearing his guns, too, with no coat now to hamper his movements.

The man took several paces into the room, then stopped. His voice rang out arrogantly. "Get out of town, stranger! You're not wanted here!"

Jud turned slowly, moving away from the bar to give himself plenty of elbow room. "I'd rather stay," he said quietly. "I favor law and order. But go ahead and draw."

The man's eyes flickered with indecision. An opponent who lets you draw first must be pretty sure of himself. Then he shrugged, seemed to draw himself together, and his right hand swept up with his gun.

A thought flashed through Jud's mind -- "This is going to be tough, because I want to avoid killing him." Then the two guns exploded with a single, overlapping roar.

Jud stood taut, belching the acrid gunsmoke. The other man clutched at his shoulder and let his gun fall to the floor. Then he slid down to collapse on top of it.

Jud turned to face the crowd. So far, so good. The new sheriff, wherever he was, must have heard the shots, and would be putting in an appearance now.

The little drummer separated himself from the crowd and came toward Jud with beaming face and outstretched hand. "Let me congratulate you, Sheriff," he said. "You took care of him in fine style, as I knew you would."

Jud was certain that he had not heard the man correctly. But others crowded around, slapping his back, shaking his hand, talking in loud, excited voices.

"Maybe we'll have some real law and order around here now," one of them said.

"Yea," added another, "with Hoskins down, the rest of the gang won't be so hungry for trouble."

"That Hoskins was always one bad hombre," the drummer said. "When I told him that the new sheriff had come in with me on the stagecoach, he said that he would run him out of town pronto."

A middle-aged, mustached individual showed himself to the fore and introduced himself as the mayor.

"But I'm no sheriff," Jud protested in bewilderment. "I'm just a rider, looking for work."

THREE MAYOR leaned toward him, with a conspiratorial wink. "I know, son," he whispered. "I got a telegram from the prospective sheriff this morning, declining the job. But if you'll just sneak around to my office when nobody is watching, I'll let you have the star."

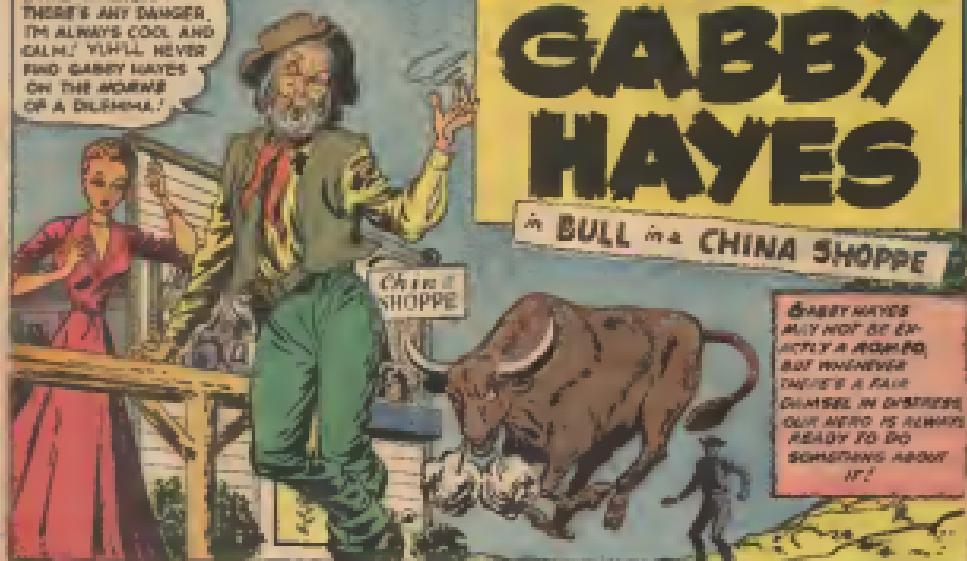
"Me, sheriff?" Jud asked.

"The job is yours, if you want it," the Mayor said. "We need a man like you."

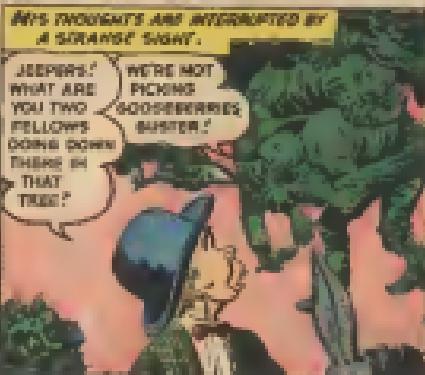
"And I need a town like this," Jud said fervently. "I'm your man!"

THE END

... AND WHETHER THERE'S ANY DANGER, IT ALWAYS COOL AND CALM! YUHILL NEVER FIND GABBY HAYES ON THE MACHINES OF A DILEMMA!



ONE FINE DAY, A ROUND MAN NAMED BUSTER WOODEN RODE ALONG THE OLD STAGE ROAD, BUT HE WASN'T HAVING AND HAD 40 POUNDS...



WHENHEPOOD, RIDE THAT BURRO AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO THE BUSTED BOTTOM RANCH!



LOOK! HE'S HEADING AWAY FROM THE RANCH!





MONTE HALE 'WESTERIN'





MONTE HALE

THE RETURN OF THE RANGERS.

IT'S MONTE HALE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

NO! THE
ONE BARRELS!
THEY'RE
EXPLODING!

Three Texas Rangers, led by Captain Rod Simons, ride in a nocturnal mission!

SO YOU THINK THE GRANDMASTER IS HOLED UP IN THE SILVER CARTWHEEL SALOON IN KODORBA, EH, ROD?

ACCORDING TO THIS ANONYMOUS LETTER I RECEIVED, HE ISN'T WORTH FOLLOWING UP IF WE CAN LOCATE THAT HILLBILLY BANDIT.

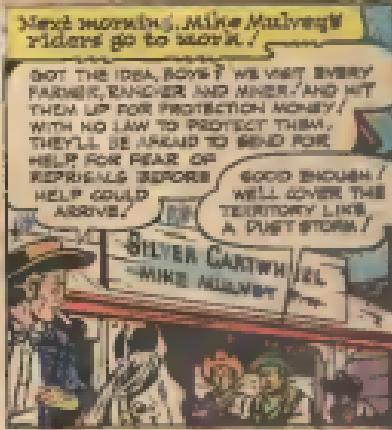
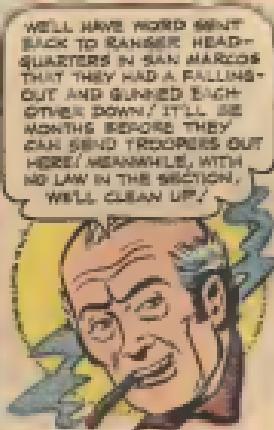
HERE'S THE TOWN NOW AND THERE'S THE SILVER CARTWHEEL, CAP!

LET'S NOT BE TOO FORMAL, GENTS! IF WE KNOCK AT THE DOOR, THE HOBNOBBERS MIGHT VENT THIS MAY VAUCORE!

INSTEAD, LET'S MAKE A QUIET ENTRANCE — LIKE THIS!

In the annals of America's past, the gallant tradition of the Texas Rangers had never been surpassed. But what was once courageous when Captain Rod Simons and his Lone Star buddies fell into a no-scape shotgun pinches at the hands of killer Mulvey and the Gravedigger! Justice seemed to have disappeared from West Texas...until Monte Hale drew his Colts to set the score straight — Ranger style!







Days later...in the Cattleshed Saloon, a drawkin' winter reeks in!

HOW 'BOUT A DRINK,
BARTENDER? I'M
MIGHTY THIRSTY!

KEEP
YOUR BOOTS
ON, MISTER!
YOU'LL BE
SERVED!

As the winter wastes his body from the
cold and floor of the sprawling saloon.
And, through his thoughts, we begin to
see the familiar features of Monte Hale!

HMM! THAT WALL LOOKS AS IF A
SHOTGUN BLAST HIT IT JUST RECENTLY!
AND THE PELLETS CAME FROM ABOVE!
PROBABLY FROM THAT BALCONY! NOW
TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP
ANY CLUES FROM WHAT
THE FOLKS IN THE
SALOON ARE SAYING!

MULVEY
IN
CREDIT

I HEAR THAT
MULVEY AND HIS
OWNHANDS HAVE
BEEN CLEANING
UP PLenty IN
THAT PROTECTION
RACKET! OR HIS?

TO WORRY ABOUT THE
LAW--AND HE'S BEEN
TOKING HIGH!

YOU'VE BEEN
HEARING THE
TRUTH SINCE
THOSE RANGERS
GUNNED EACH
OTHER DOWN.
HE HASN'T HAD
A CHANCE TO
DO ANYTHING
RECENTLY.

THE PIECES ARE FITTING
TOGETHER. MINE MULVEY
WANTED THE RANGERS OUT
OF THE WAY--AND THOSE
BULLET HOLES IN THE
WALL SURE LOOK AS IF HE
HAD AN AMBUSH ISSUED.
BUT WOULD HE DARE TO
DO THE JOB HIMSELF?
OR DID HE HAVE A
THUGGER MAN?

Monte's question is
answered, as he peers
over the balcony above--

THAT HATCHET-FACED
HOMBRE ON THE BALCONY!
HE'S DRESSED IN REGULAR
CLOTHES, BUT I'D KNOW HIM
ANYWHERE! HE'S THE
GRAVEDIGGER! IT'S
BETTER TRY TO
SLIP OUT OF
HERE!

Bah! The Gravedigger
also has mean eyes!

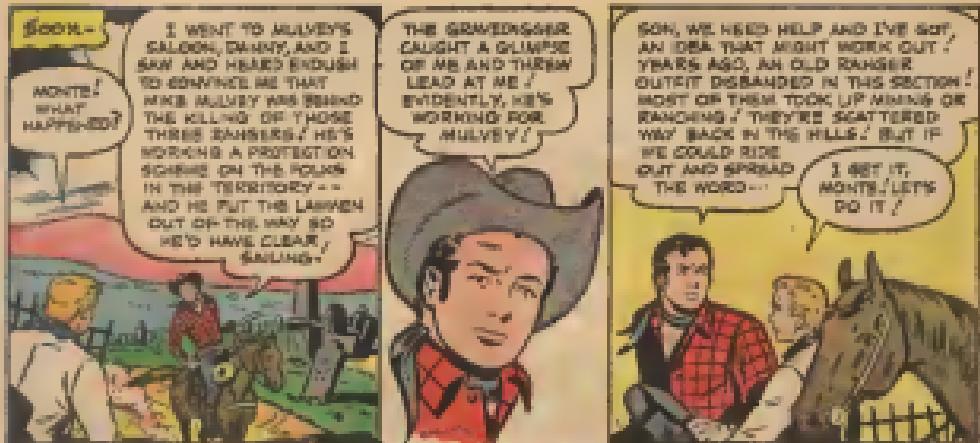
THAT MISTER! I'VE
SEEN HIM BEFORE!
IT'S MONTE HALE,
SPYING ON MULVEY
AND ME! I'LL
FIX THAT!

BANG!

CAN'T STAY TO FIGHT
NOW! THE DOGS ARE
TOO HEAVY! I'LL SEE
IF I CAN FIND THE
BACK WAY OUT!

NOT EXACTLY A
GRACEFUL EXIT--
BUT I CAN'T
AFFORD TO BE
CHOOSY!
PARDNER!
HERE, BOY!





MONTE HALE: WESTERN

But back at the Silver Cartwheel—

GRAVE-DIGGER, I DON'T LIKE IT! IF HALE REALLY SPOTTED YOU, HE'LL BE BACK! AND THIS TIME HE WON'T BE ALONE! HE'LL ROUND UP AN ARMY!

I GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

LET'S CARRY THESE BARRELS OF OIL OUT TO THE MAIN STREET. WE'LL BURY THEM UNDER ITS SURFACE WHILE IT'S NIGHT AND NO ONE CAN SEE US!

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

PLenty! WE'LL LAY A POWDER FUSE FROM EACH BURIED BARREL OF OIL TO THE SALOON! WHEN HALE AND HIS BUDDIES COME ROLLING UP, WE'LL TOUCH OFF THE FUSES—

GRAVE-DIGGER, I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU! YOU BOY-O-YOULL EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



Yes, the Grave-digger is mighty clever, but Monte Hale is also famous for his savviness!

REIN UP, GENTS! THE GRAVE-DIGGERS AND MIKE MULKEY MAY BE EXPECTING US THIS TIME, AND THEY'VE PROBABLY PLANNED ANOTHER AMBUSH!

SO WHAT DO WE DO, MONTE?



WHAT THEY WON'T EXPECT! WE'LL ENTER THE SALOON THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW, AND WE'LL FLUSH THEM OUT THE FRONT WAY!



So, as the badmen watch suspiciously through the shattered front window, Monte and his cohorts enter through the rear!



THREE—

LOOK! THEY'VE ENTERED THROUGH THE REAR! BLAST THEM!

BANG!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US! GUN 'EM BACK, BOYS!

BANG!



WE MAY BE OLD, MONTE, BUT WE CAN STILL SHOOT BETTER THAN EVER!

KEE-ROOT! CHIC A RANGER, ALWAYS A RANGER!

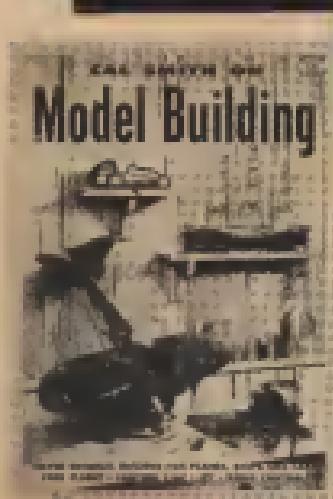
AHOGH! MY HAND---





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